

Title: Entropy and Oblivion

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I am the thorn in the
foot I, I am the blur in
the sight;

I am the worm in the
root, I am the thief in
the night;

I am the rat in the
wall, the leper that
leers at the gate;

I am the ghost in the
hall, herald of
horror and hate.

I am the rust on the
corn, I am the smut on
the wheat,

Laughing man's labor
to scorn, weaving a
web for his feet.

I am the canker and
mildew and blight,
danger and death and
decay; The rot of the
rain by night, the
blast of the
sun by day.

I warp and wither
with drought, I work
in the swamp's foul
yeast; I bring the black
plague from the south
and leprosy in from
the east.

-The Entropic Chant